



THE TWO GREETINGS.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

I.—SALVE!

SCARCE from the void of shadows taken,
We hail thine opening eyelids, boy!
Be welcome to the world! Awaken
To strength and beauty, and to joy!
Within those orbs of empty wonder
Let life its starry fires increase,
And curve those tender lips asunder
With faintest smiles of baby peace!
Sealed in their buds, the beauteous senses
Shall gladden thee as they unfold.
With soft allurements, stern defenses,
Thy ripper being they shall mold.
Far-eyed desires and hopes unbounded
Within thy narrow nest are furled:
Behold, for thee how fair is rounded
The circle of the sunlit world!
The oceans and the winds invite thee,
The peopled lands thy coming wait:
No wreck nor storm shall long affright thee,
For all are parts of thine estate.
Advance to every triumph wrested
By plow and pencil, pen and sword,
For, with thy robes of action vested,
Though slaves be others, thou art lord!
Thy breath be love, thy growth be duty,
To end in peace as they began;
Pre-human in thy helpless beauty,
Become more beautiful, as man!

II.—VALE!

Now fold thy rich experience round thee,
To shield therewith the sinking heart.
The sunset-gold of Day hath crowned thee:
The dark gate opens,—so depart!
What growth the leafy years could render
No more into its bud returns;
It clothes thee still with faded splendor
As banks are clothed by autumn ferns
All spring could dream or summer fashion,
If ripened, or untimely cast,
The harvest of thy toil and passion—
Thy sheaf of life—is bound at last.
What scattered ears thy field encloses,
What tares unweeded, now behold;
And here the poppies, there the roses,
Send withered fragrance through the gold.
Lo! as thou camest, so thou goest,
From bright Unknown to bright Unknown,
Save that the light thou forward throwest,
Was fainter then behind thee thrown.
Again be glad! through tears and laughter,
And deed and failure, thou art strong:
Thy Here presages thy Hereafter,
And neither sphere shall do thee wrong!
To mother-breasts of nurture fonder
Go, child!—once more in beauty young:
And hear our Vale! echoed yonder
As Salve! in a sweeter tongue!

LE COUREUR DES BOIS.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

I.

It was a cottage of the better class, but that is not saying that it was either elegant or very comfortable, for Canada at that time was very young and poor—in short, was still New France. The cottage was, however, a picture in its way, both without and within. Over the thick stone walls clambered a hardy vine, which was willing to be beautiful and thrive through the brief summer, and not become utterly discouraged during the six months its roots were covered with snow. It had pulled itself up to the roof, holding on to the rough stones; though that was no great feat, for the children who lived in the cottage often did the same, and had even coaxed a gaudy scarlet bean up too, and together they waved in the summer wind and basked in the summer sun. Within there was a cherry homeliness, which obscured bare walls and scanty furniture. It was so late in the afternoon, that the slanting rays of the sun fell in through the door across the newly scoured floor, drying the white planks before a speck of dust found an abiding place there, and leaving the grain of the wood sharply defined in the dampness.

There were three persons in the room—mother, daughter, and baby boy. The first was a woman of perhaps forty, whose face, though filled with lines drawn by care, hard work, and a bleak climate, still retained much of the beauty of her youth. Her dark eyes, clear and untroubled now, rested fondly upon the baby she rocked in her arms and softly sung to. He was not really a baby, or would not have been if another had come to take his place; still, as he was the youngest, he had for two years reigned over the family absolutely. Even now, as his tired mother hoped to see the long lashes sink in sleep upon his rosy cheeks, the white lids slowly lifted from the merry brown eyes, and he looked saucily at her. She stooped over him, kissed his pretty mouth, then putting him down, said to her daughter:

"He will not sleep, Marie, and I will not give any more time to the rogue. Take him with thee when thou goest for the cows, and see if thou canst weary him for once."

Marie looked at her mother with a dismayed face, and said protestingly:

"But, maman, he wearies me the most; he makes me carry him, and stoop with him that he may pick every marguerite he sees, and when I set him down he runs so close to the cows' legs."

"Well, well, Marie, do as thou wilt," answered her mother, with an easy indulgence, strange in those days when parents spoke to be obeyed. But between her and this only daughter was an affection almost like that existing between sisters. There had been five years of lonely married life before Marie was born, when the silent, hard-working husband had neither time nor thought to banish the gloom and home-sickness of his young wife, who could not forget old France and the happy home she had left there. For

she was one of the many peasant girls who had come out to Canada in obedience to the order of the King, that the colonists should have French wives in their new home. And when the baby girl was born, the mother's heart beat with a happiness it had not known at sight of the two boys who had come before. From the day the little hands had first offered themselves to assist with an irksome task, the mother looked upon her daughter not only as a help, but as a friend and companion. Marie had hurried through with her childhood, instinctively recognizing the want and need of her mother's heart, and had long shared the cares of the house and the crowd of noisy boys. Happiness and contentment came more fully each year to the cottagers. They prospered, and their farm this afternoon was smiling to the river's edge with swiftly ripening grain.

Marie took up her cap and looked toward the door, then, turning, she said:

"I will take him, maman."

But her mother answered:

"No, Marie, thou art always a good, willing girl; go alone. The walk through the forest will rest thee. Only come back quickly; thy father and brothers will soon be in and hungry for their supper."

"Maman," cried Marie, dropping upon her knees besides her mother and hiding her face upon her bosom, "do not call me good. The word fills me with shame. I am not so good a daughter as you deserve."

"Ah, little one, thou hast been a comfort to me all thy life," said the mother carelessly. "Thou art a good modest girl. Now go. See! little Jaques is wondering at thy tears, and so is thy mother."

Marie still knelt.

"I have been thinking all day of my sin—of how often I have pained you and given you trouble. Maman, can you forgive it all, and believe that I sometimes sin because I do not know which of two things it is right to do? And will you love me always, even if I should sometimes be far away from you?"

"Always, always, Marie," answered her mother, kissing her, and thinking that her grief meant no more than that which had prompted a hundred similar confessions.

"My sweet maman," said the girl, as she arose.

Patting the baby's waving hair and kissing his warm cheek, she started across the fields toward the forest, a corner of which she must cross to reach the pasture.

As she entered the dense shade, she began to look anxiously around, and as soon as she became accustomed to the dusk, she saw coming toward her, under the trees, a young man. She ran hastily to him, as if fearing that that which she had to say would be left unsaid, unless she spoke at once.

"I cannot go with thee, Antoine, I only came to say adieu. Oh, forgive me for disappointing thee, but I cannot go."

"Cannot go!" he exclaimed, stepping back and looking at her angrily. "Thou art jesting with me, Marie; thou wilt not break thy promise."

"Indeed, I am not jesting, Antoine, dear Antoine. Forgive me, and try still to love me a little. I will always be true to thee, and never love, never marry, another, but I cannot go with thee," she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

He shook it off impatiently.

"Marie, I have risked my life—or my liberty, and that is more than my life to me—to come here. I have waited day after day for thee to decide which thou didst love best; thy mother or me, and now, after keeping me here until thy vanity is sufficiently flattered, thou sendest me away—thou stayest behind to laugh at me—to—"

"Oh, Antoine, how canst thou speak so cruelly? Let me go back to my mother. Forget the forest and its wild life. Come back to the church and proper ways, and soon the dislike of my parents will vanish; they will give their consent to our marriage."

"I cannot go back to be treated like a forgiven outlaw. Come with me if thou wouldst save my soul. With thee—in another place—I will try to live as thou wishest. But if thou forsakest me now, I will go my own way; I will live the life I prefer," and Marie's lover stood darkly regarding her.

Standing together, they formed a picture, Rembrandtesque in its lights and shades. The girl, in the simple dress of her class, with the sunshine of the meadows seeming still to rest in the waves of her bright hair, and a broad expanse of golden light reaching into the forest after her. Facing her the hunter stood, picturesque at any time in his half-civilized, half-savage dress, but doubly so now, the centering point of the deep shadows. He, his dress and his manner harmonized with the forest; his strong right arm was thrown impatiently up to keep back a green branch which would have swept against his handsome face, while his left hand was extended—waiting for the next word—either to grasp or thrust away the little hard hands she held out to him. There was no sound except the summer wind, which was too languid to come far into the wood, and only stirred the berry bushes and tall grass which grew along its edge. His eyes never left her face, save when she turned her head to look back at the sunny meadow, the little stone cottage, whose roof she could see, and the shining river beyond. Then she turned to lover again, and to the silent forest which stretched behind him, and her eyes dropped to the mosses and lichens which grew at her feet, while she tried to find an answer for him. But she was too unused to self-decision to find one, so she at last only looked up, and, reaching out her hands, said with a helpless sob:

"Oh, Antoine!"

He took her hands and said softly:

"Come, Marie."

"If I go with thee now, Antoine, when wilt thou bring me back to my mother?"

"When thou hast made a good man of me, Marie, and that will not be long, I promise thee. For how could I be wicked or reckless when I have thee always with me? Come, Marie, thy mother is good, she does not need thee, while I—well, I have told thee often that without thee I cannot and will not be good. Thy mother will perhaps weep—"

"Oh, Antoine, I know how she will weep for me! I know how lonely the long summer days and the dreary winter days will be for her without me, and the poor baby Jaques, he will weep for me too. Oh, Antoine!" and she clung to him as the tears overflowed her face.

He pressed her bright head close to his breast, only answering for a time with his kisses. Then he said:

"My own little one, I know how thou lovest thy mother, and how much she is to thee, but cannot I be more? And, Marie, thy mother does not think so badly of me as all the others do. When she learns that thou art with me she will say: 'Poor Antoine, he has now some one to live for, some one to help him to escape from hell.' Marie, if I go away alone," he continued, "I will have no strength, while if thou art with me—with all thy purity and goodness—thou wilt keep evil spirits away, thou wilt in time teach me how to become good, and draw me back to 'proper ways.' And then we will return and live as thy father and mother do."

"Ah, if I could know all that would come true. But, Antoine, how will my mother know what has become of me?"

"I will let her know. Not far from here at an Indian village is good Pere Geauteau, and, after he has married us, I will pray him to write and tell them all."

"And when shall we be married, Antoine?"

"As soon as our feet can carry us to the priest. Come, come."

"But it will soon be dark in the forest," said the girl drawing back.

"Never fear the darkness; I know every foot of the ground between here and the great lakes. Come, my darling, and when thou art weary I will carry thee."

"And, Antoine, thou love me well enough to keep all thy vows?"

"I swear by everything thou believest holy that I will," and, holding her hand tightly, he hurried her away.

The last dampness had dried from the white floor, little Jaques had laid down in a sunny spot and fallen asleep, the mother was commencing supper and wondering why Marie did not come. When the table was set, and still no Marie came, she walked anxiously to the door and looked across the meadow. The sun was sinking, and already lay in a softly rounded hollow of the mountain range, sending his last level rays across field and river. All was tranquil, warm, and fair, and yet over her heart crept such a chill as had never rested there before. She gazed steadily toward the forest, longing for the first glimpse of Marie when she would emerge with the cows. As she stood, the sun dropped behind the mountains, and the shadows deepened around the wood, and stretched out across the meadow. Where could Marie be? She lifted the sleeping baby from the floor, and laid him on the bed, mended the fire, and then hurried out along the path which led to the pasture. It was useless to chide herself for her fears. Marie had never idled nor tarried when she had been bidden to hurry. Something must have happened. Perhaps one of the usually gentle cows had become unruly and rushed upon her, or perhaps she had sat down to rest in the forest,—she was tired, poor child,—and had fallen asleep. At the edge of the forest she paused and looked into its black depth for a sight of the familiar dress. She tried to lift her voice and call, but there was such an oppression upon her that, as in a horrible dream, the sound was scarcely more than a whisper. She stood a moment irresolute, listening to the strange sounds that came to her. A bird darted past her, and made her heart leap until the blood thundered in her ears. Then she dashed forward, looking to the right and left, but breathing not a word. She had still one hope, still one fear, that when she reached the opening she would find the missing one. The way was short; she was soon there. As she stumbled over the last fallen branch and reached the clearing, the soft lowing of the patient cows smote upon her heart with the dull, incomprehensible pain, that the unreasoning tranquillity of a dumb brute always has when every pulse is bounding and the brain is whirling with excitement.

Marie had not been there. She hurriedly opened the gate and let the creatures through, then recrossed the forest. As she passed the spot where two hours before Marie and Antoine had stood, and caught sight of the river with its melancholy mists rising over it, she broke into loud sobs and cried out:

"Marie, Marie, where art thou?"

But her voice only died away among the trees, and no welcome answer came.

When she reached home little Jaques was still sleeping, and the father and tired boys were standing about the door, with that bewildered look which takes possession of the men of a family when

they come home and find the mother gone. She rushed to them, breathless and frantic.

"Marie is gone!" was all she could say as she sank upon the step. But they soon gathered what little there was to tell. Each had his suggestion to make, which neither satisfied himself nor another, and, leaving the supper untasted and the cows unmilked, they started toward the woods.

The mountains ceased to glow as the clouds above them grew dull, and from softest blue vanished into darkest purple; banks of misty clouds settled into the valleys about their summits; the light wind died away; the river lay a silent roadway; the vast forests took on a denser shade, and the whole world of nature slept as the mother watched.

THE QUEEN, THE DUKE AND THE CROWN.

TRUE politeness has been variously defined. One little boy said it meant "to make everybody feel satisfied;" and another, "doing the kindest thing in the kindest way." I think good Queen Victoria understood and practiced it, too, when she spoke so kindly to the old Duke of Wellington at the time the Crown of England fell from his hands. It was on some grand public occasion—the opening of Parliament, I think—and the whole court was in attendance. At such times the sovereign does not wear the large, heavy crown that is placed on his head at the time of his coronation; but it is borne before him, on a little satin cushion, carried by a nobleman of high rank, who walks backward, so that while the crown is always in front of the monarch as he goes in or out, the bearer of the royal diadem does not have to turn his back on the king or queen. On the occasion I speak of, the Duke of Wellington, then quite an old man, held the crown on its dainty satin cushion as he stood before Her Majesty. It was a novel position for the old soldier, who had spent most of his years in fighting the battles of his country; and the new Houses of Parliament having been erected in his absence from England, he was not altogether familiar with the surroundings. The business of the morning being over, the Queen was about to retire, when the venerable Duke, crown in hand, backing out according to court etiquette, forgot the little step at the foot of the throne, stumbled, and in attempting to gain his foothold, dropped the massive crown from his hands. It came with great violence to the floor, and rolled quite across the hall, badly bruising the diadem, and scattering the costly jewels in every direction. The old Duke, accomplished courier as he was, stood for a moment aghast at the injury inflicted on so precious an article, and then would have stooped to gather up the scattered jewels. But the Queen saw in an instant his evident distress as well as embarrassment, and rightly judged that he would prefer to be left alone. So, with the genuine kindness of heart, and quick perception of what will be pleasing to others, for which she is so remarkable, the Queen stepped gracefully forward, and offering her hand to the venerable statesman, as if to assist him in rising, said, cordially: "I trust Your Grace is not hurt, and that you will by morning have wholly recovered from the unpleasant shock." Then, without a single glance at the crown or jewels as they lay prone on the carpet—seeming, indeed, not even to have noticed the casualty—the gentle, considerate lady passed out, the court following, of course; and the Duke was left to recover his equanimity and collect the scattered jewels at his own leisure.

A PARTY of Sioux Indians stole a patent ice-cream freezer, supposing it to be a hand-organ, and their "big medicine-man" turned the crank a week before he would confess his inability to get music out of it.

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WASHINGTON, JUNE 15, 1876.

We have received *Kansas Star*, a new Institution paper, published at the Kansas Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in addition to our Institution exchanges. It is neatly printed on good, heavy paper, and has sixteen octavo pages. It is under the direct superintendency of the Principal, Mr. Jenkins who was himself a printer many years ago. We wish it success.

It affords us great pleasure to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement for the benefit of semi-mutes. The principal, Mr. Whipple, is a teacher of great experience, and has had a good track of success in restoring semi-mutes to speech, and teaching congenital mutes to speak plainly and read the lip. Circular with testimonials and terms may be had by addressing Zerah C. Whipple, Principal, Home School for Deaf-mutes, Mystic River, Connecticut.

The delinquent subscribers are earnestly requested to pay their arrearages as soon as possible. Subscribers will bear in mind that on prompt payment at the expiration of their subscription it will cost them \$1.10 only a year, and that it will cost them only one cent to give notice to discontinue their papers promptly at the expiration of their subscriptions when so desired. In either case it is their interest to do it. Hence their appeal for "hard times" is a poor excuse.

SLEEP IS THE BEST STIMULANT.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep for a week if he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed or in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

A CHAPTER ON ROSES.

In one of the books attributed to Solomon eternal wisdom is compared to the plantations of rose-trees at Jericho. Princess Nourmahal, the most lovely lady in the harem of a Great Mogul, had a canal filled with rose-water and rowed about on it with her august consort. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the water, and their Majesties having observed the fact invented attar of roses. The Emperor Heliogabalus filled a fish-pond with rose-water; it is nowhere said whether the fishes approved of this proceeding. When the Soldan Saladin, who had so much trouble with hard-fisted English King Richard and his turbulent Christian friends, took Jerusalem in 1188, he would not enter the Temple, which he profanely called a mosque, till he had had its walls washed with rose-water, and Sanut assures us that 500 camels were no more than sufficient to carry the purifying livid. Also, after the taking of Constantinople by Mohammed II, in 1455, the Church of St. Sophia was solemnly purified with rose-water before it was converted into a mosque.

The high priest of the Hebrews wore a crown of roses when he offered up certain sacrifices under the Mosiac dispensation; and it was perhaps in remembrance of this fact that the Synod of Nismes, which was held in the third century, enjoined every Jew to wear a rose on his breast as a distinguished mark of inferiority. In many countries the Jews still celebrate the festival of Easter Flowers, during which they ornament their lamps, chandeliers, and beds, with roses. Thus it happened that these flowers were hateful to the early Christians, and are often condemned in the writings of the Fathers, who professed that they could not understand that pious people could think with equanimity of roses when they remembered the crown of thorns; afterwards this hostile feeling seems to have died out.

When Marie Antoinette passed through Nancy on her way to be married with Louis XVI., the ladies of Lorraine prepared her a bed strewn with roses. In the Middle Ages roses were held so precious in France that a royal license was necessary to grow them. Charlemagne recommended the cultivation to the rose in his "Capitulation." The Persians of Sairaz stop their wine bottles with roses, which give the wine a pleasing smell; and during the festival of Abrizan, which takes place during the equinox, Persian ladies throw roses at each other when they pay visits. At Rome it was the practice of the Church to bless the rose on a special day set apart, which was called Rose Sunday. The custom of blessing the golden rose seems to have begun about in the 11th or 12th century. The benediction was pronounced with particular solemnity on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the golden rose thus consecrated was given as a mark of the Sovereign Pontiff's favor to some prince or princess, Alexander III., who had been received with great honor during a journey which he made in France, sent the golden rose to Louis the Young as a sort of graceful compliment. Subsequently the giving of the golden rose became an authoritative act by which the Pope officially recognized the rights of Christian sovereigns. Thus Urban V, gave the golden rose to Joan, Queen of Sicily, in 1368, thereby preferring her over the King of Cyprus. Henry VIII, of England, received a golden rose both from Julius II, and from Leo X. Toward the close of the last century the golden rose appears to have been given almost indiscriminately to any travelling prince who would pay a sum equivalent to about £400 in fees for it.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

It is written on the sky, pages of the air, say the Orientals, that good deeds shall be done to him who does good deeds to others.

A WONDERFUL TREE.

A CITIZEN of Hartford, Conn., has a Bartlett pear tree which is a natural barometer. On one side of the tree is a crack or seam extending to the ground, a distance of about six feet. In the winter the seam opens or shuts, according to the temperature, while in the summer it closes tightly. One morning when the thermometer marked zero, the crevice opened fully half an inch; but the next morning, with the thermometer at 10 degrees, it had closed to one-quarter of an inch. In extreme cold weather this summer-tight seam will open an inch.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

MISS CLARA MORRIS in a letter to a friend in Washington gives this lively reminiscence of two well-known actors:—"They were boys then one tall, blonde and lazy, the other short, dark and active. It was on Sunday night; every one had gone to the Quaker meeting-house a few doors above. They were alone, without cards or checkers or books, but Satan came to the rescue. A certain proposal was drawn by the long chap, and eagerly accepted by the short one. They then put on their hats and coats, armed themselves with a broom, a pail of water and a dipper and went forth into the still, bitter cold of the night, and worked diligently. They swept a broad path over the sloping sidewalk quite free from snow; over this they poured a dipper of water, then waited. In a few minutes it had frozen, then another dipper water, and another wait, until the path was glass-like in its icy smoothness. A whisk of the broom sent a light covering of snow over it; the work was done, and the godless laborers, gathering up their tools, scrouched themselves down on the door-step and conversed pleasantly. Presently the doors of the meeting-house opened, and two lines of Friends—one made up of males, and the other females—come out. These lines, coming down the steps separately, met and mingled in a crowd on the pavement for a few moments, then broke into twos and threes, and came gravely down the sidewalk. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a whack, whack, and two snorts that were as one. A female friend fled to the rescue—whack! The whole congregation filled with wonder came ambling down the scene of disaster—whack! whack! whack! groans and snorts, "thees" and "thous" filled the air, and, with cheeks stained with tears of laughter, they sat on the step, and "took it in," those sons of Belial, since so well known to the world as Joseph Jefferson and John Ellsler."

PLAYING THE EAR-TRUMPET.

Two Boston editors dodged away into New Hampshire upon a fishing and hunting excursion. One bright morning—it was in September—they took a team, and set forth with their fishing-rods, bound for a rare day's sport. A few miles away they came to a very neat and comfortable looking farm-house, with substantial out-buildings, from the porch of which they approached an aged man, who hailed them as they came up.

"What is it?" asked Ben, as he drew in the reins and came to a stop. "We are in a hurry."

Instead of replying in words the old man simply waved his hand, and then turning towards his fields, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Timothy!—Timothy!"

Our sportsmen looked in that direction, and saw nearly a quarter of a mile off, a boy engaged in digging potatoes. He had evidently heard the old man's voice, for he suspended his labor, and leaning upon his hoe, he faced the house, and directly afterwards came the faint sound of—

"Hallo!"

The aged sire seeing from the boy's motion that he had been heard, shouted again, with stentorian power:

"Where is the new ox-yoke?"

A response, faint, but distinct, came back:

"In the corn-crib."

"What did he say?" asked the old man, turning toward our sportsmen.

"He said that it was in the corn-crib," answered Ben.

"Speak louder, will ye? I'm hard o' hearing."

Ben yelled the words into the veteran's ear.

"Ah, thank ye. That's all. You can drive on."

And so the heroes of the quill and the rod had been made to serve as an ear-trumpet to a deaf man. But they enjoyed the joke; and they enjoyed the telling of it when they got home.

AN ANECDOTE OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

THE fierce and famous old Pennsylvania Congressman, Thad. Stevens, was notorious for his love of gambling. He visited gambling-houses constantly.

One morning in going down to the Capitol he stepped into a gambling-house, and soon won \$100. Coming out, he went up with Mr. G—, told of his luck, and talked about politics. A Baptist clergyman from some obscure town in Pennsylvania overtook Mr. Stevens, begged pardon for addressing him, and then spoke pathetically of the needs of a struggling church, not in his district, but in his State, and ended by asking a small contribution.

Old Thad. took out the \$100 bill he had just won and handed it to the clergyman.

The poor preacher was astonished, and sought vainly to express his thanks. The rich Radical refused to hear him. So the pious man went away happy.

"G—," said old Thad., after the preacher was out of hearing, "Brother G—,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."—*Troy Budget.*

A COMICAL INCIDENT.

A COMICAL incident, not included in Herr R. Wagner's stage business, happening in the hunting scene of the first act during the last performance of "Tannhauser," in Vienna. As he was mounting his gallant steed one of the singers trod on another artist—a member of the pack which figures among the personages of the drama. The four-footed performer began barking loudly with pain. His canine companions followed his example, and then the whole pack modulated into a continuous howl, which ran through the entire finale. The great mass of the audience laughed, but some ardent Wagnerites were highly indignant at the endless melody thus unexpectedly contributed by the hounds.

DOM PEDRO.

It was heralded abroad that this illustrious Emperor would visit the College, Friday morning, June 2nd. Being a believer in Franklin's proverb about "early rising," he makes his morning calls at the barbarous hour of sunrise. So the students were notified to be up, as breakfast would be served an hour earlier than usual. Promptly at seven o'clock all were in the Chapel full of expectations. Queer the chapel-door was not injured by the intensive concentration of so many eyes upon it. At last in walked a middle-aged man, with a grizzly beard,—and excitement stood 90° in the shade. He seemed quite at home, shook hands with the

faculty rather familiarly, which drew forth some comments reflecting on the Brazilian deportment. But when it was whispered around that the gentleman was only Gen. Eaton, interest fell considerably. Finally the original, living Dom Pedro appeared, and what followed and how the visit resulted may be gleaned from the appended clippings taken from the *Washington Republican* and *New York Herald*, of June 3:

The Republican says: A little after 7 o'clock yesterday morning Dom Pedro d'Alcanara, Emperor of Brazil, accompanied by le Vicomte de Bom Retiro, Chamberlain to his Majesty, and Seneor A. F. de Carvalho Borges, Brazilian Minister, visited the National College for Deaf-Mutes, on Kendall Green, in the northeastern suburbs, where they were received by General John Eaton, the Commissioner of Education, by whom the officers of the Institution were presented to the distinguished visitors.

President Gallaudet briefly explained the scope of the Institution in answer to the Emperor's pertinent inquiries, while pupils from the primary department wrote original exercises which the Emperor read and commended. Words of welcome were then written by representatives of the College classes. We can give only a few extracts. A freshman wrote: "We welcome you, not merely as a formality, nor because it is the first time a foreigner of so honorable and responsible a position has honored our Institution, but because we desire that your visit shall be one of pleasure, interest and profit. Our only regret is that we have not the honor and pleasure of extending our welcome to her Majesty, the Empress. As you have come early, we kindly ask you to stay late." A sophomore wrote: "We admire your policy, activity, and the pleasure you are taking in your visit to our country. It would give us great pleasure to entertain you, and to make you a deaf-mute for awhile, if thereby the mutes of Brazil might be benefited." Another student wrote: "The silent manifestations on every side speak louder than my words can of the cordial greeting extended to you, sire, and of the pleasure felt at your visit. Recognized as a strong and zealous advocate of learning, an eager participant in whatsoever tends toward the advancement of civilization—whose manifold blessings are already blooming in the sunny land of Brazil—we trust that this Institution, one of civilization's fairest fruits, will disclose to you the importance of its work; will act as a plea for the deaf-mutes of your empire." A senior wrote: "It is a great privilege to be allowed to study, to learn, to be educated. Happiness requires it, beauty of character demands it, and pureness of spirit needs it." Another senior gave some entertaining examples of pantomime, after which the Emperor personally tested attainments of some of the classes by exercises of an impromptu character in Latin, algebra, chemistry and astronomy, and took for future inspection specimens of papers written by the students at the regular examinations.

Just before his departure the Emperor performed a beautiful act in a very graceful manner—the planting of an ivy. He received the vine from the hands of the venerable widow of the founder of the first deaf-mute Institution in America—the voiceless mother of President Gallaudet—planted it skillfully, and plucked from it some leaves as a souvenir of his visit.

The Emperor seemed to be greatly interested in all that he saw, and certainly his intelligence, appreciation, kindness and suavity won the hearts of all who met on Kendall Green.

The New York Herald has this: This morning the Emperor, accompanied by the Visconde de Bom Retiro, visited the deaf and dumb Institute and spent several hours examining into the details of its working. His Majesty expresses himself delighted with the completeness and thorough organization of the Institute. In conversation with the *Herald* correspondent the Emperor said that the hours spent in examining the deaf and dumb Institute were among the pleasantest he has passed since his arrival in the United States. The Institute he declared to be the best organized and most complete he has seen either in Europe or America.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

OHIO.

The occasion looked forward to so eagerly by the little ones, especially, of the Institution, that was the cause of a great many questions so natural in children, and which kept their fingers busy, for some time past, counting the weeks and days, came off last Wednesday, the 31st ult., the pic-nic, chief of the annual sociables during the school year, we have reference to. The day on which the pic-nic was held proved favorable though early in the fore-part of the day there were signs that a ducking was in store for us, happily however. "Old Prob." smiled and kept everybody in good spirits. Breakfast was served

earlier than usual and by eight o'clock a column of nearly 400 strong filed to north on Washington Avenue to Long street, where cars drawn by fine sleek little mules were in waiting to convey the party to the State Fair grounds where the pic-nic was held.

After the grounds were reached the party scattered into groups, reconnoitering the various places of interest, playing croquet, ball, swinging and amusing themselves in all sorts of ways. The race course adjoining the grounds received its share of attraction and a great deal of interest was manifested witnessing the horses that were brought out to practice for the races.

At noon a bountiful dinner was served consisting of the usual good things, lemonade, etc., on such occasions, after which the company again broke and pursued their games, etc., until five when they were formed in line and marched to the cars, reaching home about six o'clock tired, but pleased with the ~~fact~~ ^{fact} they had enjoyed for nothing occurred during the day to mar the occasion.

The measles have made their appearance, between thirty and forty pupils are down with them; at this writing all, however, are doing favorably and may disappear by the time school closes. The disease is mostly confined to the pupils that entered the Institution last fall and of course the lower primary classes will suffer a little inconvenience as far as examinations are concerned, which begins next Tuesday, the 6th instant, and ends on the 19th.

The closing exercises of the school year will occur on the afternoon of the 20th. Two of the members, Messrs. A. T. Wood and A. H. Schory who will graduate this summer from the first Academic Class have been preparing themselves to enter the first Preparatory Class of the College next fall, and in addition to these rumor has it that there are two or three others from this state that propose to seek College honors with them at the same time.

The work of beautifying the grounds is still going on, the latest attraction is in the shape of a large fountain situated midway between the front of the building and the streets. The water that supplies it comes from the well in the engine house from whence it is carried to a large tank in an upper room of the Institution building and is then connected by a pipe with the fountain; when in play it is capable of throwing a stream of water 60 feet high at the greatest.

Columbus, Ohio, June 2, 1876.

MISSISSIPPI.

THIS Institution closed on the first of June, and may not re-open until November.

The attempt, made by some members of the last Legislature to place the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institutions under the same management, did not succeed, but the salaries of the Principals of both Institutions was reduced with those of the other State officers. The gentlemen interested could have prevented this by a little exertion in their own behalf.

J. W. S.

Gettysburg, Pa.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE time has arrived for the pleasant operation of "cramming."

THE seniors nearly bursted the camera in trying to get their class picture.

TWO students had the pluck to ask the Emperor to write his name in their autographs.

THE "Dom." prefixed to the Emperor's name has been interpreted as meaning Domesticated Pedro.

TIDINGS from Ohio says that a former student is about to become a victim of matrimony. Guess who!

"MAY BE."—An excursion to Philadelphia and the Exposition is being talked of, instead of the annual pic-nic. We pray it may be so.

THE recent match game which scored Kendall 1 and Astoria 27 speaks badly. Such a downright defeat for Kendall seems incredible and we blush to record it. Apparently the great need of the Club is practice, sterling practice.

PHILEAS FROG, made C. 77, an unexpected and unceremonious visit the other morning. He effected entrance by crawling up the outside wall of the College building to the window in the third story, and then walked boldly into Krain's nest.

THE days of glory are no more. Old age has loosened its joints. The chimney looks as if it was trying to stand on its head. There may have been shingles on the roof; there may have been panes to the windows and there may have been many more things that are not now. The door, weary with years, leaned fondly against the post—a long, last embrace. "Here Lafayette was born, lived, fought and died," we remarked solemnly, as if choking with sorrow, and our companion, removing his hat, asked, "What did he die for?"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ONE swallow does not make a spring, but a dozen swallows sometimes make one fall.

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

It is leap year, and the old piece of advice is just as good as ever: "Look before you leap."

The price of wool is so low in California that many sheep raisers have commenced killing their stock for the skins and tallow.

Commodore Vanderbilt was eighty-two years on last Saturday a week, and somewhat better in health than he had been for several days.

In 1777 the number of churches in the United States was only nine hundred and fifty. By the census of 1870, the number was seventy-two thousand.

Cattle said to be the heaviest and best in the world have arrived at Philadelphia for exhibition—among them an ox weighing 4,000 pounds and a heifer weighing 3,300 pounds.

Charleston, South Carolina, has been paying \$32,000 per year for having her streets lighted, but a company have secured a contract to give a better light with kerosene for \$10,000.

The Paris police have made a great haul of English bookmakers who infest the French metropolis. They arrested 120, who will be severely dealt with by the correctional tribunals.

Sir Charles Reid, president of the London school, says that he has visited every exhibition since 1851, and that the Philadelphia exposition is superior to anything he has ever seen.

An insane man named E. L. Wilson, of Wilmington, N. C., got out of his bed in the absence of his keeper and going to the kerosene can, took it up, poured at least a quart of oil upon his head, and then set it on fire. He was burned to a crisp before assistance reached him.

Although the Prince of Wales' collection has mostly been made over to the Zoological Gardens, some choice India quadrupeds now roam about in Sandringham, Norfolk, the Prince's summer resort. An elegantly formed gazelle has received the name of "Lalla Rookh." She is tame, and flits about the steward's lodge as if she was one of the family. There is also 3 magnificent Brahmin cows 2 Nepaul hill ponies with enormous manes, 2 diminutive ponies only 3 feet high, and a hog deer not higher than an ordinary pig, with a gait resembling that animal.

Last winter, when immersed skaters were daily saved by the score from drowning in the London serpentine, the Royal Humane Society put boxes in the part of voluntary contributions. In the spring a few coppers, and an assortment of pebbles, orange peel, and buttons were found, although people had flocked to the place by tens of thousands. In Christie's auction rooms a box was placed for the benefit of distressed artists. After several months less than sixpence had been deposited, although it was during the height of the china and picture mania, one picture alone fetching £10,000.

Since the departure of the King from Greece, robberies and murders have become of frequent occurrences near Athens. Some efforts was made to prevent his going just now, and he was entreated as uselessly to leave at least the heir, a bright child of eight years, as some pledge of return. That is announced for August but not expected until October, when the Emperor of Brazil is expected. The soldiers have not only been assaulting and robbing people all around, even in Athens, but actually carrying goods out of the shop unmolested in daylight. Some of the people stopped at night collared and delivered their assailants to the police, who showed their opinion of such tactless zeal by releasing the culprits next day.

At an Oxford branch meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the Bishop of Oxford said that cruelty was a character, a state of mind, and habit of acting, and although now and then a cruel thing might be done in thoughtlessness, the general commission of acts of cruelty indicated a temperament of which cruelty was the characteristic, and it was quite certain, where there was cruelty, it would not be confined to animals. The temper and character which produced these acts were just as dangerous to man and woman as to the animals whose cases they find particularly in view, and when they had succeeded in repressing acts of cruelty to animals, they should keep under control and in check that temper and character which made homes miserable and led to acts of fatal violence.

A man eating tiger, says *Land and Water*, rarely touches any other animal when it has once tasted human blood. He lurks in the neighborhood of villages, and carries off laborers returning from work, or women going for water. "She crawls to the edge of the thicket and looks round. It is only an unarmed traveler. The hungry devil knows well that he is an easy prey; she creeps toward her unconscious victim with the soft and noiseless tread of a cat; her long tail switches from side to side, her sharp claws dart from their velvet sheaths, the devil is roused within her, and glares in her flaming eyeballs; she throws herself forward with a cat-like bound, and the stricken wretch is writhing in her fatal grasp, while with closed eyes and a low growl, expressive of savage delight, she sucks the warm blood from his mangled throat."

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BUTTER POWDER.

SAVES TIME, LABOR AND MONEY.

Removes all Unpleasant Flavor from Food.

CHURNING MADE EASY,

AND

GOOD, FRESH BUTTER ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

In hot weather this powder makes Butter much firmer and sweeter than it usually is, keeps it a much longer time, and will prevent it from becoming rancid. It also removes the strong flavor of Turnips, Wild Garlic, Weeds, Dead Leaves, etc., upon which Cows often feed, and by its use the butter is not only increased in quantity and improved in quality, but also in value, which is fully proved by the many testimonials continually received in its favor, and the great increase in its consumption, both at home and abroad. If one teaspoonful of this Powder, dissolved in a little water, is put into about two gallons of Milk when set aside for the Cream to rise, it will throw up more Cream and keep it sweet a longer time, and if already changed will bring it back to its original sweetness.

TESTIMONIALS.EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.

Dec. 30, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of your BUTTER POWDER. I find by its use an immense saving of time is effected, the butter is very superior in quality, and the quantity considerably increased, the butter milk is also sweeter, and both retain freshness. In short, I am satisfied that the BUTTER POWDER will very speedily become an indispensable requisite in the production of really good butter and butter milk. Butter made in twenty minutes.

I am, dear Sir,

JOHN E. BROWN.

HOPEWELL COTTON WORKS,
CHESTER Co., Pa.

Jan. 4, 1868.

DEAR SIR: We have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced from cream in which it was used in twenty minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that made from the same kind of cream without the Powder, and when used in cream that had become old and rancid, it will restore it to its original sweetness.

Yours truly, A. H. & J. F. DICKEY.

OXFORD, CHESTER Co., Pa.

January 3, 1868.

MESSES. ARMSTRONG & Co.: This is to certify that I have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced with the Powder in fifteen minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that produced from cream without the Powder. And when the cream has become sour or rancid, the use of the Powder will restore it to its original sweetness; therefore I do not hesitate to recommend it to all butter makers.

R. P. PETERS.

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.

Dec. 30, 1867.

I hereby certify I have used the Powder, and find that it will do what it pretends, viz: the butter comes quicker, improved in appearance, and the butter milk is much improved. Butter made in twenty minutes.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Out-stand terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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The Cheapest Soap that can be used for the following reasons:

- 1st.—One bar will go as far as two of any other.
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- 3d.—The clothes are made SWEET, CLEAN and WHITE without BOILING or SCALDING, thus all injury to them is avoided. These is a saving in fuel and hard work, and the washing is done in about half the usual time.

It is also guaranteed under a penalty of fifty dollars not to injure the clothes or hands, and as one trial will enable any person to ascertain the truth of these statements, it would never pay the proprietors to engage in an extensive system of advertising and claim such decided merit for his Soap unless he knew from positive experience that it would prove to be in every respect what is claimed for it.

This is also a superior Soap for Toilet and Shaving purposes.

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James Watson.

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Price per 100 cards.....\$1.00

Both single and double-hand.

25 for.....25
50 ".....50
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